

## Guardian Angel

by The Sexy Muggle Librarian

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Summary: Felicity Smoak is hiding a secret. Her real name is Felicitas Carthaginis and she is a more than 2000 years old Immortal. So what happens when she runs into Oliver Queen and Tommy Merlyn in Vegas for Oliver's 21st birthday and realizes that both of them are pre-Immortals? She decides to keep a eye on them in order to guide them through immortality once they inevitably die from

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**\*\*AN:\*\*** \*\*do not own the characters Arrow or Highlander and am not making any money from this work, so unless the writers contact me for ideas! At that point, I will gladly work for money! An AU based on the Felicitas series by Jess\_S. Borrowing her idea with permission.\*\*

**\*\*Guardian Angel\*\***

**\*\*Chapter One: Prologue June 2, 2006\*\***

As Felicitas Carthaginis walked off the plane, the heat of the Las Vegas summer hit her. She took in a deep breath, letting her mortal personae of Felicity Smoak-resident of Las Vegas- settle over her shoulders. After a year away in Boston at MIT, building a personae of Felicity Smoak-tech goddess, it felt like a step back into a former, but all new life, of sorts, since she was returning as Donna's daughter, not sister, Maria. Thus would be an adjustment for both of them, since they had been acting as sisters for twenty years. which would be too disconcerting for someone who was not a two-thousand plus year old ancient queen that was used to shifting between multiple personae. It also helped that the farther she got from the walkway the fainter the buzz of the pre-immortal that had been on the plane as well. Whomever it was, they must have been in first class since she had managed to walk the entirety of the economy section with no luck in locating them. That was too bad since she liked to keep an eye on any pre-immortals in her city to make sure they didn't

fall prey to any unscrupulous Head Hunters that might come through. Usually Methos, her mentor and the only Immortal older than her that was still surviving the Game, kept her abreast of any known Head Hunters moving in her direction. His current persona of Adam Pierson, Watcher, which was a most useful persona for both of them, when he had first told her that he had discovered a secret society that followed Immortals around, documenting their lives, like him, she had felt alarmed. She had suffered enough through the superstitious Dark Ages and had not wanted to go through the pain of being burned alive as a demon yet again. Instead, he had decided to infiltrate their ranks, which gave him the ability to access their records, much easier since the dawn of the computer age, so he could steer clear of the immortals that knew him and would come for his head. It also allowed him the luxury of keeping all rumors of Felicitas' existence out of their records. In fact, he had been the one to suggest that the organization invest in computers once they had become much more user friendly and cheaper. He'd also actually convinced Felicitas to help him set up the database. Then he just assigned a few Watchers to do the data entry and he was able to warn her of any Head Hunters that were moving her direction more quickly than ever. His warnings had saved her head more than once. Lost in thought, she made her way to the luggage claim. \_I really need to call Methos and find out what he's up to since moving back from Paris. I wonder \_why\_ he moved back. He loves living there more than any other place in the world\_, she thought distractedly as she saw her bright pink suitcase emerge on the conveyer belt. Just as she took the few steps forward to claim her bag, she felt the buzz of the pre-immortal come back into her awareness again. Unconsciously she looked around until her eyes landed on the back of a well-dressed man in an expensive pair of jeans and cashmere sweater, with a Red Sox baseball cap on backwards and knew he was the Pre-Immortal. She admired his assets on display in the tight jeans for a moment until he turned and she was shocked to find out that she recognized him. \_Oliver Queen is an Immortal, or will be once he endures his First Death! \_She felt her jaw drop in shock, but just managed to drag her attention back to the conveyer to grab her suitcase before it passed her by, as he turned around to find her staring. Thinking quickly, she shot him a small smile as she set the suitcase down by her feet. Absentmindedly, she let herself get distracted wondering what his First Death would be. She knew being a pre-immortal, it would have to be violent, o when she felt another pre-immortal buzz coming up to him and she saw Tommy Merlyn, Oliver's best friend, at least according to the paps, stroll up and stop beside him, she decided that it would most likely be a fiery car crash that did both men in.

Oliver Queen breathed a sigh of relief as he disembarked from the plane in Las Vegas' McCarran International airport. He'd felt as if someone was watching him the entire flight from Boston to Vegas. He hated flying commercial for that very reason, but unfortunately his parents had refused to let him use the private jet for this trip to Vegas, after leaving his third Ivy League college. The only saving grace was that they couldn't block access to his trust fund since he was twenty-one now. Tommy and himself had been planning this trip for months. So much of his time had been spent in planning it that he hadn't cared one way or another if he had passed any of his classes at Harvard. He didn't and when his father found out, Oliver was surprised that his phone hadn't melted at the sheer anger and volume of the lecture he'd had to endure. So he was determined to enjoy this trip, because God only knows what Robert Queen had planned as his punishment. As he stood by the luggage carousel in baggage claim, he

felt the sensation of being watched return, however he was momentarily distracted by Tommy coming up and throwing his arm around his shoulders, chattering excitedly about their big plans. Dragging his attention to the here and now, Oliver finally looked around to see if there were any paparazzi that he had missed in his initial scan of the crowd. Instead he found a quirky looking blonde staring at him. He couldn't stop the automatic smile and wink that he shot her before Tommy reclaimed his attention with their plans to do some damage to both of their trust funds. Tommy grabbed his green suitcase as it spun close to them. "You ready to go, man? I can't wait to see our suite at the Palms"

Oliver smiled. They had truly splurged and gotten the Hugh Hefner Sky Villa for the weekend. It was supposed to be like the Playboy Mansion, but he had a sneaking suspicion that Playboy Bunnies were not included, but still they were in Vegas, it's not like there was a dearth of beautiful women and both him and Tommy were young, good looking and billionaires so they never had a problem finding company to enjoy. \_Like that blonde. Maybe I'll get a chance to introduce myself further to her, \_he thought as they began to walk towards the entrance of the airport to find the car and driver they'd hired for the weekend.

The buzz was steadily diminishing, so she knew that she was getting further away from Oliver Queen and Tommy Merlyn. Finally, she glanced back as she reached the exit and watched as they continued on to the rental counter. She was admiring the picture they made when she heard a squeal, "Felicity!"

She turned to see Donna running towards her, teetering in her six-inch heels. As much as Felicitas questioned Donna's fashion choices and argued vehemently with the woman on a constant basis, she still admired her ability to do anything in six-inch heels without breaking her neck. "Mom!" she called back as she opened her arms to accept the inevitable hug.

"So, I'm Mom now?" Donna murmured into her hair.

"It is for the best, we both knew that this time was coming, my darling girl," Felicitas murmured back, using the endearment she had called Donna for the majority of her life, once she stepped in after, (Mary and Donald MacCausantÃ-n had died). Donald had been her formal pupil and when they'd adopted Donna she had gladly stepped in as her godmother. She had changed her name to Maria and raised Donna as her own, until they began to look too similar in ages since she did not age, they had become sisters for the past twenty years, but as she was away at college Felicitas realized that it would not work any longer, Donna looked too much older than her now. Unlike previous identity changes, she had not discussed this with Donna first, as they both knew it was inevitable.

\*\*AN: Please review and let me know what you think! Reviews feed the muse and she is a ravenous dragon...\*\*

\*\*Thanks!\*\*

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file.